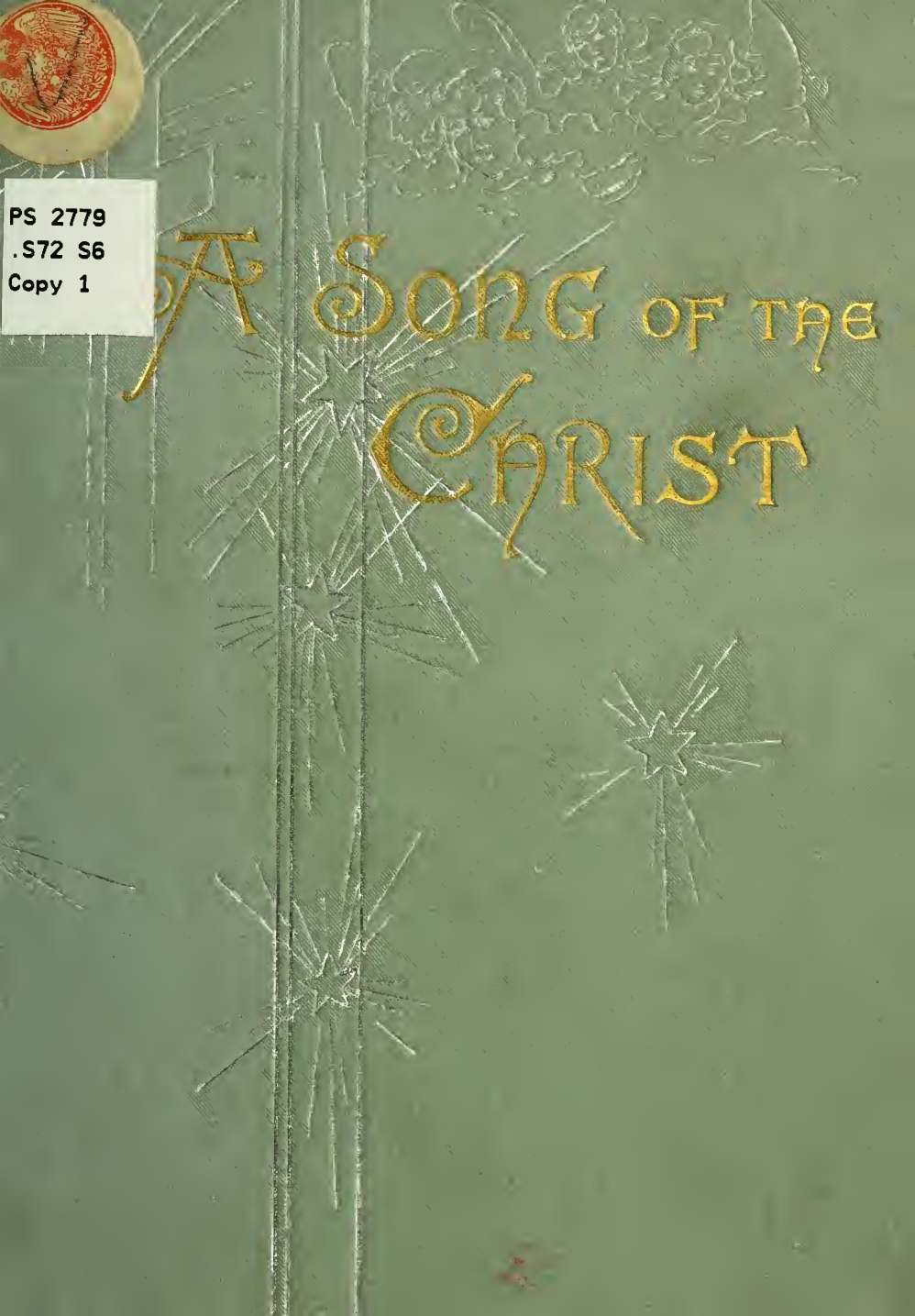
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A Song of the Christ

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A SONG OF THE CHRIST

See the sick unto Him fleeing,
  Bounteous healing to receive;
See the blind their dark way groping,
  As He bids them look and live.

A SONG OF THE CHRIST

BY

HARRIET ADAMS SAWYER

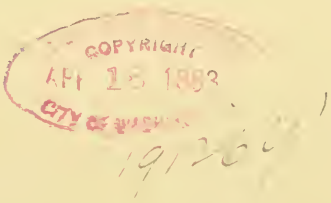
ILLUSTRATED WITH SIXTEEN FULL-PAGE PLATES

BY A. B. GREENE

BOSTON

D. LOTHROP COMPANY

1893



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"IT IS I, BE NOT AFRAID."

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II. "It is I, be not afraid."

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On shepherds watching o'er their flocks by night,
Tell them thy gentle radiance softly streaming
Shall fill the saddened earth with peace and light.

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'Tis darkness over all the land;
The people are afraid.

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"The Lord is risen; be not afraid,
But come and see where His form was laid;
Then go your way the glad news to tell
To disciples and friends He loved so well."

XV. Two sad disciples met Him by the way;
In tenderness He taught them of the Word,
But they wist not their teacher was their Lord.

XVI. Till the glory of God spreads o'er land and o'er sea;
And the whole earth shall join in one glad jubilee.
Then praise to the Father, and praise to the Son,
And praise to the Spirit, the blest Three in One.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

O, holy Star, down through the darkness gleaming
On shepherds watching o'er their flocks by night,
Tell them thy gentle radiance softly streaming
Shall fill the saddened earth with peace and light.

O, tell them that new-born, that heavenly Stranger,
By Virgin-Mother watched in wondering love —
That beauteous Babe, lying in Bethlehem's manger —
Is Israel's Shepherd, promised from above.

Fear not, O wondering shepherds! hear the singing
Borne on the night wind by the angel's voice;
In rapturous strains the joyful tidings bringing,
The Christ is born! Let Heaven and earth rejoice!

O, light ineffable! O, music swelling!
Angelic choristers their voices raise —
"Glory to God on high," their rapture telling,
"Peace and good-will toward men," their song of praise.

O, holy Star, down through the darkness gleaming
On shepherds watching o'er their flocks by night,
Tell them thy gentle radiance softly streaming
Shall fill the saddened earth with peace and light.

CHILDREN'S
SONG OF CHRIST'S BIRTH

ANGELS SALUTED THE HEAVENLY STRANGER.

CHILDREN'S SONG OF CHRIST'S BIRTH.

Hail to the Infant that lay in the manger.
So sang the shepherds, so sing we to-day.
Angels saluted the heavenly Stranger.
Still will He welcome the homage we pay.

Hail! blessed Jesus, the Friend of the children;
"Suffer them," said He, "to come unto me,"
Folding them tenderly unto His bosom;
Men stand in wonder and awe, as they see.

Our heart's truest service we joyfully render.
Who shall forbid us, when Jesus says "Come?"
Praises of children are sweet to the Saviour.
He said, that of such is His heavenly Home.

Hosanna! Hosanna! we sing unto Jesus.
In Bethlehem born for our Saviour and King;
We'll love Him, and serve Him, and praise Him forever.
Accept now, dear Jesus, the tribute we bring.

"WHO SHALL FORBID US, WHEN JESUS SAYS 'COME?'"

Opening Heaven tells his birthright,
That the people may believe.

See the dead come forth exulting
From the darkness of the grave.

CHRIST'S MISSION

Who this Stranger strong and kingly,
Who this holy Nazarene?

CHRIST'S MISSION.

Who this Stranger strong and kingly,
Who this holy Nazarene?
Ne'er such wonders men have witnessed,
Ne'er such tenderness was seen.

On the bank of Jordan standing,
Holy baptism to receive,
Opening Heaven tells His birthright,
That the people may believe.

God's own voice is heard attesting,
"This is my beloved Son."
While the light of Heaven rested
Like a dove, His form upon.

See the sick unto Him fleeing,
Bounteous healing to receive;
See the blind their dark way groping,
As He bids them look and live.

See the tempest wildly raging,
Hear Him saying, "Peace, be still!"
Waves their restless fury ceasing,
Bow, obedient to His will.

See the dead come forth exulting,
From the darkness of the grave;
See the devils shrink from mortals
Ransomed by His power to save.

See the woman touch His garment,
As He walks His Holy way,
" Daughter, now thy faith hath saved thee;
Go in peace," Oh! hear Him say.

See the tempest wildly raging,
Hear Him saying, "Peace, be still!"

See the woman touch His garment,
As He walks His holy way.
"Daughter, now thy faith hath saved thee,
Go in peace," Oh! hear Him say.

See Him walk upon the water;
His disciples, filled with dread,
Hear in joy His gentle accents,
"It is I, be not afraid."

See the deaf, the lame, the leprous,
Finding healing, strength and rest.
See the sinner, heavy laden,
Go forgiven, saved and blest

When the multitude had waited
Days and nights upon His word;
Without food had lingered near Him,
His divine compassion stirred.

By His power He fed the thousands
From a small and scanty store;
And when all were filled and strengthened,
There was still enough for more.

To the tale of human sorrow
Never turned He yet away.
This the Saviour whom we worship
In our songs this Christmas Day.

See the sinner, heavy-laden,
Go forgiven, saved and blest

By his power He fed the thousands
From a small and scanty store.

THE CRUCIFIXION

THE CRUCIFIXION.

He dies! He dies on Calvary,
The spotless Lamb of God —
He pays with His own precious blood
Our debt — the fearful load.

The cruel spear, the crown of thorns,
The taunt of angry men,
Are borne, that we may never bear
The curse and gloom again.

The hand that only moved to bless
Is pierced by those it blessed.
That hungry souls may look and live,
And all the weary rest.

"Father, forgive them," hear Him cry;
"They know not what they do."
He bows His sacred head, and dies,
High Heaven beholds the view.

The cruel work is done at last;
"'Tis finished," hear Him cry.
But Heaven frowns that God's own Son
Upon the cross should die.

The earth doth quake — the rocks are rent,
The graves yield up their dead —
'Tis darkness over all the land;
The people are afraid.

The earth doth quake — the rocks are rent.
The graves yield up their dead —
'Tis darkness over all the land;
The people are afraid.

Redemption's work is surely done.
The wine-press He hath trod —
The wondering people say, at length,
"This was the Son of God."

CHILDREN'S SONG OF THE RESURRECTION

CHILDREN'S SONG OF THE RESURRECTION.

The body was wrapped in linen white,
And borne by loving hands at night
To Joseph's tomb, ne'er used before,
And a great stone rolled 'gainst the door.

His enemies feared that His words prove true,
So they sealed the stone, and set watchers, too;
They said, "His disciples will come by night,
And steal Him away from our care and sight."

But the stone and the watchmen were all in vain,
The Saviour had said He would rise again,
And when was come the appointed hour,
He burst the bands of death with power.

The angel descended at break of day
And rolled the stone from the door away —
His raiment was white as the new fall'n snow,
And his face had the lightning's vivid glow.

And unto the women the angel said:
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"
The listening watchmen, filled with fear,
Hear the angel say, "He is not here;

And unto the women the angel said:
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

. . . . . .

"The Lord is risen; be not afraid,
But come and see where His form was laid;
Then go your way the glad news to tell
To disciples and friends He loved so well."

"The Lord is risen; be not afraid,
But come and see where His form was laid;
Then go your way the glad news to tell
To disciples and friends He loved so well."

Then hastening on in joy and fear,
"All hail!" said Jesus, drawing near—
Once more their loving Lord they greet,
And bowing, worship at His feet.

His last command they now receive:
"Go teach all nations to believe.
You as my witnesses I send.
Lo! I am with you to the end."

ON THE WAY TO EMMAUS

ON THE WAY TO EMMAUS.

On Emmaus' road when walking on that
day,
Two sad disciples met Him by the way;
In tenderness He taught them of the Word,
But they wist not their teacher was their
Lord.

Thus they constrained Him. "It is even-
tide,
Far spent the day is — then with us abide,"
And as He blessed and brake the bread
that night
They knew Him — and He vanished from
their sight.

In patient, tender love He taught them still,
How He had come the Scriptures to fulfill:
Showed unto them his piercèd hands and feet.
And, with His own, their simple fare did eat.

And when at last His work on earth was o'er —
To Bethany He led them forth once more;
With lifted hands His blessing there was given,
Then passed He from them, through the clouds, to Heaven.

Two sad disciples met Him by the way:
In tenderness He taught them of the Word,
But they wist not their teacher was their Lord.

JUBILEE
OVER THE FINISHED WORK

JUBILEE OVER THE FINISHED WORK.

Sing, sing, ye people, and shout, shout for joy,
For Satan, our foe, Jesus came to destroy,
To our great Deliverer our honors we pay,
Shouting His praises on this Christmas Day.

The heathen in darkness are seeing the light;
The morning now dawns after blackness of night;
The idols are falling, and, hearing the word,
The nations are putting their trust in the Lord.

O, give us, dear Saviour, a heart full of love!
As Christ, our example, came down from above
To rescue the perishing — so may we go,
And tell the glad message till all men shall know:

Till the glory of God spreads o'er land and o'er sea,
And the whole earth shall join in one glad jubilee.
Then praise to the Father, and praise to the Son,
And praise to the Spirit, the blest Three in One.

Till the glory of God spreads o'er land and o'er sea;
And the whole earth shall join in one glad jubilee.
Then praise to the Father, and praise to the Son,
And praise to the Spirit, the blest Three in One.

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